THE DEVILS LAST LEGACY:

OR,

A Round-headed Ironmonger, made Executor to *Pluto*.

Wherein is ſhewed, The Diſcent of the Round-heads.

AS ALSO,

The Round-heads great deſire of a Crown, and to ſway a Scepter, although it be but *Pluto* his Crown and Scepter.

Compoſed by W. K. *firſt a Turke, and now turned Roundhead.*

London, Printed *Anno Domini*, 1642.

THE

DEVILS

LAST

TRICK:

O R,

A Round-headed Ironmonger, made

Executor to Pluto.

Wherein is shewed, The Diligent of

the Round-head:

AS ALSO,

The Round-heads over-doing of a Crown, and to

have a Scepter, although it be but Pluto's

Crown and Scepter.

Compiled by W. K. for Turks, and non-

juned Roundhead.

London, Printed Anno Domini, 1682.

Pluto,

ALL haile my deare Adopted Sonne, thou alone art he that is my onely joy and hope, at whoſe ſight my ſoule is filled with fatneſſe, and the pleaſure I take in thee runneth like to a Julop in my veines: come on brave ſoule, be couragious, for this I know, thy impudence it is ſo great, that the whole World is not able to out-face: leane cloſe to me, and I will be as willing to entice, as thou to follow; leave me not, for then I ſhall not know to whom to leave my Kingdome and immortall Scepter. Thou art the Heire and only he, be faithfull to my Kingdome, bend neither one way nor other, end as thou haſt begun, and none ſhall more reward than I: my youngeſt Sonne *Aminius* hath quite left me, his too much yeelding made him fall off: goe on as thou haſt begun, and I will reward thee.

Both my Scepter and my Diodem,
I leave to th' Roundheads, and to none but them.

Roundhead. Great King and Prince of darkeneſſe, whatſoever thou ſhalt command, no ſooner ſpoke but done, I am as ready for to doe, as you to ſpeak, and you not fuller of enticements, but I twice as full of actions, yet fuller of Words, perhaps it may ſeem difficult to your underſtanding, but thus to doe good, I ſay much, but doe little, for I never in all my life knew how to doe good: I am the Heire, and delight to overtop men in wickedneſſe, I am preſently deſperate if I ſee any more wicked then I, yet cunning to the World: beare a faire ſhow, and have the Devill Printed in my Heart, and ſtrive to be the Prince of darkeneſſe Sonne: it is the height

of my ambition to get his Crowne, and though all the world should bid farewell to *Pluto* and his Pallace, and sound a retreat from his damnable designes, I would stand as fast as Mountaines.

My feates to shew, who can be at all feareſull,
To whom Grand Pluto *saies, my Son be cheereſull.*

Pluto. Brave resolution Son, but in the way take some of my damnable devices, and what ever thou dost here on Earth, shall presently in my black pallace be inacted for a Statute: thou hast performed the duty of a Son in executing my decrees that I left with you at the last Conventicles, where I wish I had not been with you, for I think I have got my last, from a Cobler, who in villany exceeded even his Father great *Pluto*. I having not long life, enact thee overseer and chiefest Executor of my last Will and Testament, doe what in it is commanded, and I will in one houre bring thee to my Acarontical Pallace, where nothing shall be too much for him that acknowledgeth me, Hot scalding Lead, dear Son, shall be thy Nectar, thou shalt quaffe off whole boules of teares to thy secconders, each sence with a greedy appetite shall have its fill, and the whole Man shall taste my best pleasures, Musick thou shalt delight in much and heare a quire of Cerberuses and the Syrens of Hell;

In this performance have but Argus *eyes,*
For Musick, black zantes, and the Stigian cries.

Roundhead. Ever honoured Prince, if a Son may have the permission and boldnesse to speak to a Farher, let what designe from you be spoken, my power in your service extends it selfe so far that I will effect.

And think it done, what ever you command,
I'le perpetrate the thing I take in hand.

Pluto.

Pluto. Upon my death-bed Son, I enjoyne thee that thou seest my will compleatly performed, let not a Bishop in the Land have power, neither let the Churches stand, pull down all and abolish the light, that we may live in darkness, a tub is sufficient for any one to Preach in: I would have my kingdome flourish that it may be said, 'tis *Pluto's* Kingdome, that is the chiefest Throne. Thou art an Ironmonger, and though thou hast broke here, I have Chaines and old Iron for to set thee up again; thou hast almost quit thy selfe, witnesse thy last Sermon of *Toby and his Dog*, and the *Tale in a Tub*: To change a trade it is no shame, from an Ironmonger to a Cooper, and the best trade, for if thy zeale should strike the bottome out, then might thou exercise a faculty and turne Cooper, Cobler, and Tinker, I teach thee a way to thrive; some of thy Brethren are horned heads as well as *Roundheads*, turne Grafter and make one Branch two, that our Sect may the better be noted;

With Famalists, all things are lawfull Son,
Performe bold Round-head *what thou hast begun.*

Roundhead. I will endeavour to the utmost, dread Soveraigne, in any thing by you commanded, and though I be crack in trade, I will not neglect your affaires, and be discouraged in your occasions: I will also crack my braine before I will leave unperfected, what you command me.

Some call me little-Wit, but 'tis no evill,
For I have spent it all, to please the Devill.

Pluto. This is my Will, deare Son, the first thing specified is this: I leave one hundred pound *per Annum*, for our Conventicles.

2. I leave my Braines, Head, and Hornes to all the rest of our

our Brethren, for wickednesse and that which is naught they want not I am sure.

3 And thirdly, I leave my Scepter and Kingdome to thee, and onely thee, deare Son: I cannot live, the Doctor specified so much to me the other day, but doe these things and I will helpe thee at all times, do any thing, nothing shall hinder thy course to my blacke Pallace, therefore disturbe me not, but goe about it, and I will betake me to my more serious considerations.

I am a dying thus to him I say,
But for to punish, Round-heads *live alway,*
And this alone shall be my Round-head than
which is a Browniſt and a Knave,
But seemes an honeſt Man.

An Oration of the Round-head, a crackt Ironmonger, new made Executor to the Devill.

Roundhead,

BRethren, it is the fortune of Knaves and Fooles to have the best lucke: I make no question but it is well known to you all, that our Father *Pluto* hath given over trading, and hath made me supervisor of his last Will and Testament; tis a fortune beyond the Moone, and though I be both Knave and Foole, yet I thought the Proverbe would have crost it selfe in me; and seeing I am so chosen and predestinated, I will have an eye to all his entreaties, and execute the part of an adopted Son; he hath given me charge over your *cum cura animarum*, therefore deare Sisters and Brethren, I must performe the part of the Devils Viccar and Curate of Hell, there-

therefore lets follow him, and our Service-Clarke ſet the Song.

Clarke, Lets ſing this Song to the tune of *Old Sir Symon the King*; 'tis a New Dittie, elevate you voyces.

GRand Pluto *he is dead,*
Lets ſing in this very Day,
That he hath left his Throne
Unto the Round-heads *ſway.*
And Old Sir Symon *the King,*
And Old Sir Symon *the King,*
we'll have a thred-bare Coate, and a mamſey Noſe,
Sing hey ding ding a ding ding.

The Ironmonger Rules,
The Cobler alſo Preaches,
The Tinker he Cornutes,
The Weaver ſometimes teaches.
And Old Sir Symon *the King.*

The Siſters pratles much,
Canarie-Birds imitating,
The Baker gets a Tubs,
And never holds his prating.
And Old Sir Symon *the King.*

We ſtuffe our guts with Capons,
Devotions but very ſmall,
The World we thus can flatter,
And ſay Devotions all.
With Old Sir Symon *the King.*

To

To Westminster we trudge,
Each Man with a Bilbo blade,
At Night to Conventicles,
And ride like Hackney-Jade.
And Old Sir Symon *the King.*

The Miters from the Prelats
we will pull away,
No Man dare contradict,
Or once against it say.
Then Old Sir Symon *the King.*

The Divell hath left us his,
what is it we want at all,
Be stedfast sister deare,
Although that Round-heads *fall.*
Then Old Sir Symon *the King,*
Then Old Sir Symon *the King,*
Wee'l have a thred bare Coat, and a Mamsie Nose,
Sing hey ding ding a ding ding.

Clarke, Peace and put out the Candles, you have gone a Note too high, lie all the Sisters downe, and straine lower, *precreandi causa.*

FINIS